Vol. 1. No. 26.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

SATURDAY, May 9, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

[CONTINUED.]

"IMPATIENCE never does good, (replied the doctor,)—but now, sir, I have settled in my own mind the proper remedies, I desire you to withdraw, unless, indeed, you are her husband."

"No, indeed, I am not," replied the Governor, briskly. Donna Padilla heaved a deep sigh, and cast a languishing look at Don Lopez, which, to avoid taking notice of, he withdrew.

After some time, the Marchioness, who had staid with the unfortunate woman, returned to them. "I am really vexed (said she) to say, that the lady is most shockingly hurt; the leg is in a bad state, and really I am inclined to think, with the surgeon, it may prove a much worse, and more tedious cure than a broken limb. If she has any friends, they should be sent for: we have done all that humanity requires, and cannot attend the progress of her cure."

"I will see her, (said the Governor) and I hope for the last time; for she is the most detestable of all women in my eyes—except the Countess le Marr; they are proper associates for each other."

He entered the room, "I come, madam, to know if we can any further be useful to you, by sending any one from Estella, or elsewhere. We are obliged to pursue our journey without delay."

"Tell me, (said she, faintly,) are you married?"

"No, nor in all probability ever shall be."

"Do you any longer love Adelaide?"

"Yes, I adore her more than ever, but I dare not think of her;—that Adelaide, so cruelly treated and insulted, is of rank superior to mine, of ample fortune; her father is unexpectedly restored, and we are now going, I hope, to meet him.

"*She* a woman of rank and fortune! detested intelligence, I do not believe it! I hate her—oh, how cordially I hate her!"

"It would better become you (said he, sternly,) to hold other sentiments in the situation you are in, and from whence, perhaps, you will never emerge. Adieu, madam; repent—amend your life, and may heaven forgive you!"

He hastened out of the room, seeing her in violent agitations, and heartily hoped he should never see her more!

After speaking to the people of the house to be careful and attentive to her, giving the same charge to the surgeon and woman: they gladly proceeded on their journey, alighting at the Governor's castle in Estella without meeting any further interruption. They had scarcely entered the hall, before the major-domo told his master that, about seven days preceding that a gentleman, who called himself the Count de Beauvais, had been there, making inquiries relating to the Countess le Marr, and a young lady who accompanied her, and that he had directed him on to the house of the Lady Marchioness, since which he had heard nothing of him.

Adelaide was not present at this relation, and the Governor communicated it in a less abrupt manner; but she was ready to expire with joy, and would willingly have set off that very evening.

The Marchioness, however, dispatched a servant for intelligence, and the Governor sent another on to Tudella, lest he should have pursued the Countess there, and prevailed on Adelaide to remain at the castle a few days, till the servants returned.————Having once more brought Adelaide under the care of her good friends, it is time to throw a look back upon the other parties, who, entangled in their own wicked devices, were severely suffering for their evil designs against a friendless orphan.

Don Felix endured much excruciating torture from the fracture of his arm.—During his confinement, pain, and a train of melancholy ideas, generally concomitant with pain—the reflection of the injury he had done to Adelaide—her friendless state—the dangers she might encounter in such a wild, unknown part of the country, after she had escaped from him—all those painful reflections and self accusations recoiling upon his mind, actually did retard his cure, and occasioned a nervous fever.

His love now took a more noble turn, though not a less fervent direction. If Adelaide could be found, and would accept his hand, he would marry her. The pride of a Spanish grandee no longer revolted against an union with a virtuous, amiable, and well informed girl; indeed, pride did whisper, "she was certainly well born; it was impossible sentiments like her's could find cultivation in a vulgar soul," but no matter, he was content to take the chance if she were once recovered.

But all endeavours for that purpose proved ineffectual. In proportion as his hopes fled, his spirits sunk also, and life became a matter of perfect indifference to him, when he was suddenly roused by the information that his family were arrived; and before he could resolve if he should see them, or how to receive them, his mother rushed into the room, and threw herself into his arms.

Don Felix had ever been the darling of Donna Maria, and not insensible of her

indulgence, he was therefore much affected by her emotion, embraced her tenderly, and then attempted feebly to rise, and receive his father.

Don Diego had a true paternal love for his son, without any blameable weakness; he was greatly concerned to see him so weak, and emaciated, but the impression on his mind, from the relation he had heard at Tudella, and the displeasure the king had expressed for the neglect of his duty, had altogether weakened the strength of his affection, and, when he embraced his son, the grave air of his countenance spoke very plainly that he was alike dissatisfied and grieved.

Isabella, whose tenderness for an only brother could receive no check from any stories to his disadvantage coming from the Countess le Marr, felt the most lively anxiety at the condition to which he was reduced, and all were desirous to know how he came to visit the castle at that time, and by what means he met with the accident.

"How comes it, Felix, that I find you here? asked his father, when you must have known your leave of absence had expired, and that your duty ought to have carried you to Madrid? Now I expect a candid explanation of your conduct for some time past; I shall then know how to appreciate it, whether to applaud or condemn."

How humiliating is vice! Felix, proud, haughty, and consequential, estimating his merit as an officer, accountable to no one for his conduct, possessed of an independent fortune, had hitherto treated his father more like his equal, than with that reverence his character demanded, and would have resented any inquiry into his actions;—now conscious of his errors, humbled by the consequences of them, he felt as if called to a tribunal where his actions were to be arraigned, and his past conduct condemned.

"You hesitate, Felix, observed his father, I see that you feel for the impropriety of your behaviour, and therefore, to encourage your confidence, I must tell you, that I have seen the Countess le Marr, who has deeply suffered, she says, by your perfidy and ingratitude." He then related every circumstance of their meeting at Tudella, and the distresses which had befallen her in consequence of following him from Saragossa.

"If this accumulation of misery originated from your conduct, added he, I leave you to determine how much I am affected by it, and to consider what reparation can be made to that unfortunate woman."

"I owe her none, my lord, answered Don Felix, she is a vicious woman, she first made advances,—she met me more than half way, and I am persuaded has been a licentious worthless character. I confess, I was guilty of a deception in pleading an order from court, and how she came to take a contrary route I know not."

"And pray, said Don Diego, what induced you to come here, a place you had absolutely refused to visit?—And of this Adelaide, who it seems has left her, what do you know, or how are you interested for that young woman?"

Thus closely pressed, and urged by his love for the object he had so unjustly persecuted, Felix resolved to be perfectly candid, and trust to the honour and generosity of his father, to give a sanction for his honourable addresses, when she could again be found.

After some little preface, therefore, he gave an exact and circumstantial account of his attachment to Adelaide, the different steps he had taken to engage her attention, the malice and treachery of Donna Padilla, and the Countess, the subsequent events, on to this last attrocious action of stealing her from her friends, and her noble and spirited conduct. And concluded with an acknowledgment of his errors, though he disguised and glossed over the attrocity of his last attempt, which had drawn on him his present deserved punishment; he told him of her escape, and his resolution to marry her, if she could be found, having had time to repent of his follies, and to feel that without her he could enjoy no happiness in life.

Don Diego was silent, revolving all this in his mind, and Don Felix impatiently waiting for his reply, when Isabella suddenly entered with a letter in her hand, it was the one writtten to her by Adelaide from the house of the Marchioness, sent forward by the Governor to Pampeluna: from thence it was forwarded to Madrid, and now travelled after her to the castle of Felix.

Her abrupt entrance roused both from their reverie. "Pardon me, said she, observing that she had intruded, I have received a letter from the much-injured Adelaide."

"Thank heaven! exclaimed Don Felix, my dear sister, where is she?"

"With the Marchioness de Gusman," answered she.

"Is it possible! said he again,—when is it dated?"

"Indeed I forgot to look, but it has been travelling from Pampeluna to Madrid, and now at last here."

This reply dashed all the sanguine hopes of Felix, he leaned his head back on the chair, and said, "I hoped it had been of a more recent date."

"And how came you to be favoured with a letter?" asked Don Diego, in a tone of displeasure.

"Pardon me, my dear father, answered she, if I have done wrong; but I did solicit a correspondence with that amiable girl, though this is the first letter I have received. She gives a very pleasant account of her situation with the Marchioness; she says little of the Countess, but that particular circumstances obliged her to leave her, and that in the protection an of amiable and most respectable woman she is now quite happy."

"I am sure, sir, added she, that the woman traduced her to us at Tudella, and I was eager to have justice done to a worthy young woman, by removing the prejudice you seemed to entertain against her. I beg your pardon for my abrupt entrance."

"Leave the letter with me, said her father, I shall return it to you again." She obeyed, and withdrew.

Don Diego was greatly struck with the stile of the letter; it bore the traits of a good and an ingenious mind,—grateful, but not servile,—affectionate, but not insinuating she disdained to speak disrespectfully of the Countess, but she dwelt with much delight on the virtues of the Marchioness. In short, the whole tenor of the letter met with his approbation, and he silently whispered to himself, "if this young woman is virtuous, she has a noble soul;—she cannot be of mean origin."

A long converstaion ensued between the father and son; the latter, having once broken the ice, persisted in his design to marry Adelaide, (that she would refuse his hand was out of the chapter of possibilities) whenever she could be found; he was determined to spare no pains, time, or expence to recover her. His father angrily remonstrated, and reprobated the disgrace he would draw upon himself and family; all was in vain; the secret had now been drawn from him,—the weight that had oppressed his heart, how to acquaint his father with his resolution, was now removed, and every argument in opposition tended only to make him proof against advice, and he deemed it virtue to persevere in making reparation to her, and insuring his future happiness, which the fortune he enjoyed in his own right, he said, would enable him to do in any kingdom.

On the very morning when their departure was to take place, Donna Maria, hanging over her son, Don Diego hastily traversing the room, and Isabella sitting silently weeping, a letter was delivered to the latter, the superscription she knew to be the hand-writing of Adelaide. Confused, and uncertain whether she ought to suppress or open it, she kept looking on it till she attracted the attention of her father,—"From whence comes that letter?"

"I believe, sir, from Adelaide."

"Give it to me," said he. She delivered it with a trembling hand.

He opened and perused it. "Very extraordinary; exclaimed he; this letter is dated yesterday from Iacca; she is with the Marchioness and her brother: not a word is said relative to Felix, or what brought her into this country. She bids you rejoice with her, for that most wonderfully her father has been raised from the dead, and that she is now going from Iacca to Estella, in hopes of finding him."

"There will I go also, said Don Felix, briskly:—thank heaven she is safe, and I know her route!"

Don Diego was vexed at his own imprudence, but it was too late to recal the inadvertence he had been guilty of; therefore, turning sternly to his son, "Mark me, sir, if you form a connexion with this daughter, this newly found father, which is disgraceful to your birth and family, you have no longer a father in me.

Don Felix was extremely hurt by the anger and contempt of his father, but this, however, gave way to the joy he felt from the contents of Adelaide's letter; he resolved to set off immediately for Estella, to make an ample confession of his errors to the Marchioness, and implore her interest with her friend. In this self-applauding idea we will leave him to ideal joy and happiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

In pine there is tar, in oak there is none.
In mud there is eels, in clay there is none.

K.

Adventures in a Castle.

An Original Story.

(CONTINUED.)

THE moment he suggested the thought, he ordered all the servants to be assembled in the hall, but all firmly protesting, that they were innocent, and no proofs of guilt appearing, they were discharged. What confirms this unanimous declaration, and contradicted his former opinion, was the door being locked within, and the height of the chamber from the ground so great, that it appeared to be impossible to approach it from without. Another circumstance happened soon after this unaccountable disappearance, which filled the breast of Monsieur Dupont with alarm, and tended to strengthen the suspicion he had entertained of the Count's being concerned in the transaction. Louis returning one evening from Dijon, meditating on the strange accident which had so deeply afflicted him, rode on before his attendants: but he had not proceeded far, when he was assaulted by six armed ruffians. He defended himself with such dexterity and resolution, that when his servants came to his assistance they found one of the villains lifeless at his feet, the others having fled at their approach. The wounds he received in this encounter confined him to the house for several weeks: and when he was restored to health Monsieur Dupont, sensible that the safety of the son of his deceased friend depended on his removal to another part of the kingdom, privately departed for the chateau of Monsieur Boileau. The family of Dupont, which consisted of himself, his wife and daughter, willingly relinquished the pleasures of society in favour of Louis, for his engaging behaviour had so won their regard, that there was no gratification which they would not yield when put in competition with his safety. His pleasures were here embittered by the recollection of many painful scenes, and his imagination painted in lively colours the happiness he had once enjoyed on this spot, in the society of his father and brother.

Not far distant from their present residence stood an old castle, the seat of Monsieur Boileau's ancestors, now in the possession of the Count de Vauban; this place young Louis had frequently wished to examine when a child, but the dusky appearance of the whole, had prevented the gratification of his curiosity. Monsieur Dupont beheld with concern the melancholy that had taken possession of the mind of his young ward, and in order to divert his attention, proposed that they should explore together the recesses of the castle. To this Louis readily assented, and they set out early one morning for that purpose, unattended. They intended entering by the gateway, but their passage was obstructed by the stones which had fallen from the battlements, and they were obliged to seek another entrance, which they soon found in a low door leading to the foot of a staircase: this they ascended, and found themselves in the apartments allotted to the servants. Through these they pas into a large gallery, which still contained a number of beautiful pictures. Louis, who was extremely fond of painting, remained to take a narrower view of them, while Monsieur Dupont advanced farther into the castle. He had not proceeded far, before he heard the murmur of voices approaching in an opposite direction to the portrait gallery, where he had left Louis, and he immediately after perceived two men apparently engaged in a very interesting conversation, but the subject of it remained unknown to him, as they descended a flight of steps at some distance before him. Surprised at their appearance, he hastily returned to Louis, and acquainted him with what he had seen, telling him they would come in the afternoon with a few servants armed, in order to penetrate the mystery, as the castle had always been considered as uninhabited. To the chateau they accordingly went, and when they had dined, they loaded their pistols and set out, accompanied by James, Louis's valet, and five others on whom they could depend. They passed into the castle by the same way as before, and entered a narrow winding passage, which seemed to extend along the whole of the building: following this they reached a spiral staircase, that they descended, and on the first floor below they perceived that they were at the junction of the branches of a large entry. Here they hesitated, not knowing which to pursue, when they heard the sound of a distant footstep behind them. They instantly secreted themselves, and immediately perceived a man pass by without noticing them. He was soon met by another, and a dialogue ensued, which was not conducted in so low a key but that they were overheard. "Gerald," said the first, who appeared to have some authority, "the prisoner's fate is now determined, and he must be dispatched as expeditiously as possible." "Why," replied the other, is this sudden resolution? I thought it was not to have been done."

"No matter," answered the first, "do you see it is done; I am in haste: when it is finished prepare to the grand hall." Upon this they separated, and walked down different avenues. When they had got a considerable distance, it was resolved that Louis, his valet, and another servant, should follow the second, while Monsieur Dupont and the remainder should pursue the first. Louis and his small party proceeded after Gerald with great caution, till he entered a small chamber: They remained within sight of the door for nearly an hour, when finding he did not return, they ventured to look into the room, where they perceived he had passed through an opposite door.

Vexed at being thus disappointed, Louis rushed hastily forward, and had soon advanced considerably before his companions, when he perceived the same man striking a light. As soon as he had succeeded, he proceeded till he reached a stair-case, which he began to descend. Louis, desirous of rescuing the unkown prisoner from the murderous designs of his enemies, continued to follow the man, whom he now saw was armed, till at length he was assured by the dampness of the air and the dim glimmering of the light which Gerald carried in his hand, that he was in the vaults of the castle. JULIUS.

(To be continued.)

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

WHITE among the Japanese is the mark of mourning, and black that of joy. They mount their horses on the right side. They salute neither with the head nor the hand, but with the foot. In the house they wear their finest clothes, and lay them aside when they go abroad. A Japanese nobleman, when accused and convicted of any crime, would think he disgraced himself did he beg for a pardon, he only endeavours to obtain permission to destroy himself, or to make some one of his friends, who is a gentleman, like himself, perform the part of the executioner.

In Languedoc, in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, when a man or woman was caught in the act of adultery, the criminal was condemned to run naked, in the middle of the day, from one end of the town to the other.

In public calamities, the Ethiopians sometimes made a general massacre of their priests, saying, "Go and pray to the gods a little nearer."

Commentator, No. 8.

What's man—" a bubble of an hour,
" False as the wind, frail as the flow'r,
" And changeful as the moon."

AN arm chair it must be allowed, is not only a very useful but a necessary appendage to the profession of an author, and I must confess that it is to me a valuable assistant in concentrating my ideas; for before I take possession of it there can be no consistency in my thoughts, but they are wandering from one subject to another without resting upon any. The virtues of a pipe have been also so often celebrated, that it would be superfluous to descant upon them, but at the same time it would be ingratitude not to acknowledge how much I am indebted to it for collecting my ideas, which are ever too apt to wander from the point to which I would have them directed. When in possession of my elbow chair, while volumes of smoke arising from my pipe, exhaling " balmy sweets," envelope my head, envigorating my mental faculties, my thoughts become more distinct, and it seems as tho' its influence reached my heart, and infused the spirit of philanthropy, expanding it with sensations unusually placid, and banishing every disagreeble thought which has become its inmate. This evening I returned to my lodgings vexed and angry at mankind, and at myself; for I had witnessed, in the course of the day, more of their duplicity and my own credulity, than I ever before was willing to imagine. I felt the want of my pipe, " to calm the angry passions into peace," and restore my temper to its usual tone; but I resolved to give vent to my feelings e're resentment yielded to more refined sensations. Pardon, reader, (if such a one exists) this egotism, and trust me I dislike it so much that I will seldom intrude upon thy patience, unless in such a case as this, but merely moralize, in my way, upon mankind and their foibles; willingly would I depict their virtues, but these are so few, that, unless greatly exaggerated, it would seem as merely thrown in to heighten the colouring of their vices by the contrast. Man is sensible that he is only allowed to exist in this state for a short season, he must be conscious that he is only " a bubble of an hour," which after a time vanishes, and is forgotten; yet he employs himself in preparing for a long life, as if the close of his existence was never to arrive. He aspires to no better a situation than enjoying the ease and comfort he can procure by engaging in the pursuit of GOLD, which, possessing, he must doubtless obtain happiness as the certain consequence.

How absurd an idea! yet it is entertained by almost every one in a greater or less degree, and almost every one acts under the persuasion that *wealth* and *happiness* are synonimous terms. To obtain this desirable object, to attain perfect felicity, every art is practised to procure it, it is immaterial what means are used, those which will guide you soonest to it are the most preferable, and *fraud* and *oppression* are most useful instruments in this search after happiness. The " ravin'd shark" devours with no less remorse his own species to gratify the cravings of nature, than does man to satiate this thirst for gold. Not the slightest degree of reluctance is experienced while preying upon those whom adverse fortune has exposed to his insatiate jaws, but the subtance of the weak and defenceless is swallowed up without hesitation, by superior strength or successful cunning. But when his first great wish, of possessing inexhaustible wealth is accomplished by such means, and he expects that happiness is within his grasp, then is his reward. Corroding care embitters every moment of his life, and the torments of remorse render existence a burden; he dreads the idea of appearing before that tribunal from whence there is no appeal, there to receive his eternal punishment. Sleeping or waking, imagination creates the most terrific images, the cries of weeping widows and ruined orphans ring in his ears, and " sound the knell of his departed happiness." Memory brings in review before his mental eye, the crimes he has perpetrated to possess this object of his adorations, this idol to whom his orisons were regularly offered, the subject which engrossed all his attention, and the polar star by which all his actions were directed. Suffering under all these torturing sensations, he loathes his existence, and probably to relieve himself from them, and resign certain misery for uncertainty, throws off the " load of life," and plunges into an immeasurable eternity, " rushing unbidden into the presence of his Maker," there to receive the reward of iniquity. When will man, inflated with conscious greatness, learn wisdom and humility, when will he learn to rely upon the munificence of the Supreme Being, and resign himself wholly to his disposal? When will he consider all mankind as his brethren, and act according to principles of justice, and the divine command of, " DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD THAT OTHERS DO UNTO YOU."

So far we have taken a brief review of the dreadful condition to which man is reduced, by imploying means which are concordant with no principle of justice, human or divine, to procure pernicious gold, and lay up a store for many future days: neglecting to consider the precarious state of his existence here, that at a moment least expected the thread of his life may be cut, and he be obliged to leave this changeful scene, " cail'd from works to rewards." In the present situation of mankind, interest is the leading motive by which they are actuated; yet we sometimes see those who are exceptions to this general rule, who act upon disinterested and honourable principles, and like blazing meteors in a dark night, shooting across the gloom, excite the admiration of the gazing throng, who at once envy and admire, what the base principles upon which they act will not allow them to emulate. Man is by nature " *prone to to evil as the sparks fly upward,*" by education initiated into the mysteries of every species of villainy, necessary to promote the attainment of any favourite object, and by habit enabled to execute things, without hesitation or reluctance, which unexperienced innocence would deem the summit of wickedness, but which allowing no space in which the law can operate to their punishment, is considered as perfectly honest. The various arts which are used as instruments to forward the promotion of self-interest, are as numerous as they are base, and every one in his commerce with mankind must put on the armour of suspicion, must be ever on the watch against the insidious approaches and sinister views of his fellow-man, or he will fall a victim to fraud and deception: for " false as the mind," he lavishes professions of regard and promises of friendship, without reserve, and without the most distant intention of ever performing them; but if, by their assistance, he triumphs in his successful artifices, his purpose is answered, and no scruple of conscience is felt at the falsehood of them. But let me pause——my spleen is almost exhausted with its own exertions, and I believe I can go calmly to bed without having recourse to my auxiliary the pipe. J.

ANECDOTE.

AN Indian Chief of the Creek nation, being once appointed to negociate a treaty of peace with the people of South Carolina, was desired to by the governor and council to speak his mind freely, and not to be afraid, for he was among friends. " I will speak freely: I will not be afraid," said he, " for why should I be afraid among my friends, who never am afraid among my enemies?"

Plan of Female Education.

No. VI.

THE mind of our pupil may now be supposed sufficiently prepared for studies of a more intricate nature—*Arithmetic* and *Grammar* must therefore engage her attention. Perhaps there is no study which yields more delight to the mind than arithmetic. The result of every operation being still new, the pupil proceeds from rule to rule with increasing delight: indeed so great is the pleasure hence derived, that it is no uncommon thing for the pupil to ardently wish to lay aside all other employments.

That our young favourite may proceed in this delightful study with ease, I would wish it to be remembered, that she must, before she be permitted to perform a single operation, repeat, without an error, the table of multiplication.—Some teachers, through a mistaken idea of treating their fair pupils with much lenity, dispense with this absolutely necessary acquirement, and suffer them to lay a multiplication table before them, and so perform their operations—The consequence is, that the lenity of the tutor proves so hurtful to the scholar, that she never becomes an accurate arithmetician. To remedy this great error, and render the acquisition of this table as easy as possible, let our pupil have only one line set upon her slate at a time, and when she has committed that one to memory, let her have a second line placed thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6, &c.
3

3 | 6 | 9 | 12 | 15 | 18, &c.

Proceeding in this manner, I have known young ladies acquire the whole table in two days, after they had been plagued for many weeks without receiving any advantage.

When this task is completed, let her be taught Addition in whole numbers; but let none of her questions exceed five lines in depth and eight in breadth; for I have laid it down as a first principle, and still insist upon it, that she must be amused by all her instructions. Subtraction must next be taught in the same manner, and chiefly must this simple truth be insisted on, viz. that a greater number can never be taken from a less.——In teaching Multiplication, the same caution is to be used, not to plague with very long questions; four or five figures for a multiplier, and a like number for a multiplicand, are sufficient to answer every purpose. I well remember, that when I studied multiplication, I was almost tormented to death with questions of perhaps twenty places, with which I have been sometimes engaged for a week, and finally bribed some one of the upper classes to complete the operation. This has a very evil tendency, as it gives an equivocating turn to the mind, the pupil assumes another's work—calls it his own—and if questioned, tells a downright falsehood; teachers ought therefore to be very careful, lest while they plant science, they root up moral rectitude.

Division of all others is the most difficult for the young mind. I would therefore wish our Eliza's tutor to make her begin long division *first*, with 2, 3, or 4 for her divisor. When she can divide well by a single figure, let her, in the *second* step, divide by 60, or 70; after that in the *third* step, by 61, or 71; *fourthly*, by 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, &c. After this our pupil may be taught to divide by three, four or five figures, with much ease.

In our attempts at improvement we are not always fortunate—the ancients taught division by this method only. Short division was introduced, and undoubtedly was an improvement; but it ought to have been kept in its own place, for reason teaches us that it is much easier to subtract, when the minuend and subtrahend are both placed before us on a slate, or paper, than when they are only retained in the mind.

To quicken our little girl's progress, I would wish her to be taught her multiplication table anew—How teach it anew?—I can scarcely refrain from laughing, says the critic—Well, wise Sir, you may laugh, and then listen if you please——We have taught her, it is very true, this excellent table, for multiplication—we shall also teach it to her again for division.—We have taught her 6 times 4 makes 24, 6 times 6, 36, &c. Now we must teach her to inform us how many times 6 is contained in 24, 36, 42, &c.; then how often 6, 7, 8, &c. is contained in 25, 27, 29, &c. &c. and how many over——O! this says the critic, is very easily done—And I answer, so is every task which the Friend of the Fair Sex wishes such charming little pupils to perform.

Having thus ran through the four rules in whole numbers, I would then wish her to study reduction of money; and when she can expeditiously perform this, let her begin addition of divers denominations, and so proceed in the usual method.

Having now in a mechanical method carried her thro' the principal rules of arithmetic, I wish her teacher to engage her anew in reasoning on this useful and highly entertaining science: for that purpose he must give her a brief history of arithmetic, and point out its beauty, and the improvements it has received; but still these lectures must be plain, and given rather in the form of conversation than regular discourses.—She must be instructed in the advantages one method has over another, and to describe in words what she has done in numbers. The teacher will perhaps find this task somewhat difficult; but if she be not taught to reason on her own work, she will only acquire arithmetic by rote, and and as easily forget as she has readily learned. To the neglect of this method of teaching is it owing, that those engaged in the instruction of youth so often find, that after their pupil has read a whole system of arithmetic, he is not capable of solving a very simple question in the first rules.

Some object to this mode of education. Children, say they, are not capable of reasoning on these subjects; and consequently it is spending time to little purpose; but such objectors ought to know, that a child is as capable of reasoning in the state in which he acts, as the most enlightened philosopher is in his.—It is very true, were we to reason with our pupil in the technical form under which philosophy has in a great measure concealed her beauty, the child would still remain ignorant;—but our ELIZA must be reasoned with in her own simple language, and must understand every definition clearly before she be suffered to proceed to another.

A Friend to the Fair Sex.

ANECDOTE—The edition of the Bible, mentioned by Addison, as having been published in the reign of Charles I. with that error in the decalogue, "Thou shalt commit adultery," is, it appears, not without parallel. Among the various readings, is an alteration once made by a German printer's wife in the sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve, recorded in the 16th verse of the 3d chapter of Genesis. This woman, who after the death of her husband, carried on the printing business, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, where a new edition of the Bible was printing, when, taking out, in the German text, the two first letters of the word Herr in the above mentioned passage, she substituted Na in their place, thus altering the sentence from "And he shall be thy lord," to "And he shall be thy fool." According to report, this piece of mingled levity and folly cost the woman her life, as she was, on detection, put to death at Leipsic, and the copies wrought off with this alteration ordered to be bought up by the magistrates and detroyed. Some however were secreted, and are occasionally produced for sale. When they fetch an enormous price. It is said that one of these copies is among the collection of Bibles at Stutgard.

MR. HOGAN,

I HAVE read over "Commentator, No. 7." and am pleased with the design of the author, and his manner of conducting his subject: yet I cannot avoid making some observations, which I hope *Commentator* will take in good part.

Sentences in which the most useful precepts are contained, may be rendered almost unintelligible, by an unfortunate arrangement, by the wrong use of a relative, or a preposition injudiciously chosen. These are faults of which the best authors are sometimes guilty: and therefore Commentator, I hope, will not be offended in having some of these faults pointed out, that so his future numbers may do him still more honour than he has reaped from his former ones.

In his first sentence, had he left out "from the wrong, which," the sentence would have been much improved, or had he added (and know) immediately after the word "wrong," the relative *which* would have come in with peculiar force—as it stands it is by no means elegant.

He also, to me, does not appear philosophically correct, when he says, "Man *alone*, of all the members of creation, possesses the faculty of discriminating between good and evil;" had he said moral good and evil, none could have disputed his assertion; but then it would have been useless to have brought in the other members of the creation, as man is the alone moral agent—With respect to natural good and evil, the beasts, birds, &c. possess this knowledge in a much higher degree than man. The beast feeds on the wholesome herbs, and shuns the poisonous; the bird pecks the healthful berry, and flies from the noxious, and that in all countries and climes, *instinctively*—While man must, by a number of experiments, determine on the nature of every unknown plant, berry, or seed.

In his next sentence had he used *although* instead of *notwithstanding*, and changed "advancing with rapidity to that of vice," for running with rapidity *in* that of vice, it would have been intelligible—as it is I cannot very clearly see his meaning.

In the third sentence, I am at a loss to determine, whether it is the faculty of discriminating between right and wrong, or the "master passion," which points out to him what he should do, &c. and am also at a loss to discover what is meant by *here*, and in *another scene*; these words, being in Italics, would lead me to think this and a coming world to be intended; and from the turn of the sentence, that *instinctive* knowledge was the adviser—if so, the advice is a wretched one; but I hope I am mistaken, for I cannot for a moment think, that the advice of Commentator is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

I would wish him also in his next, to inform us what this innate principle is, and if it operates after the same way in Ireland and Galcenda, in Italy and Otaheite—Enough at present. J. C.

MR. HOGAN,

ON perusing your sheets lately, I happened to find a piece under address, To "A Friend to the Fair Sex."* I believe it has met with a merited contempt, from the silence observed in your succeeding papers: but as the coxcomb, who seems puffed up with his own consequential opinions of right and wrong, might conclude this silence, to be a testimony of conviction to the minds of your readers, I deem it necessary to relieve him from the tumult of his supposed success, and speak my sentiments with that frankness that truth must justify.

In charity to the *man*, I at first imagined, that he might have been, whilst dictating that piece of elegant literature, under the influence of an intoxicating draught; I turned the succeeding papers over and over again, in hopes of finding him, when the intoxicating fumes had subsided, retract his erroneous opinions, with an humble, penitent, and contrite heart; but to my utter astonishment, found them to be the genuine effusions of a singularly depraved heart.—I have ever considered it a condescension below the dignity of women, to vindicate their own rights; as the laws of nature loudly proclaim their equality in every respect with man: for man's dependence on woman, is equal to woman's dependence on man; yet from *this man's* observations, we are naturally led to conclude, that he had no mother.—Now, Mr. Start-up—production of weeds and thistles—*you*, who never knew a mother's care, affection or tenderness—*you*, for whom a woman never spent many sleepless nights, and many hours of anxious solicitude, for *your* health, welfare or happiness—what would *you* think, if you knew, that women, so much *your* scorn, and contempt, generally pity you, and wish you to become a social member of the Christian community; to see that gloom, which at present envelopes your understanding, developed and dispersed. But I, who write in the name of my whole sex, fear, very much fear indeed, that *your* weedy nature, will for ever restrain your efforts of aspiring to the dignity of humanity. I very much fear, that a self-created man, can never partake of those tender sensibilities, natural only to social souls; and therefore we must of necessity refer him to huxters, and fish-women, those every way accomplished to answer his purposes; where he will find souls and bodies, equally immersed in the muddy waters of ignorance—where the tyranny of supposed superiority, will certainly find a check from the venom of vulgarity, superstition, and prejudices. It were folly the most egregious to pretend to argue with a weed; or we might, paragraph by paragraph, confute his very futile assertions; we will therefore conclude this, with an assurance, that we shall ever include *him* in our prayers, and hope, that in the course of time, a happy revolution may take place in *his* nature; that his mind may become enlightened; and his eyes opened, to see the necessary requisitions of happiness in life, are, to be united to a woman, who possesses a strong sense of *virtue*, *wisdom*, and *honour*. A MOTHER.

* *See No.* 18.

Humorous Correspondence.

DR. SCHMIDT, of the cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the late king of Prussia, couched in the following terms: "Sire, I acquaint your majesty, 1st, That there is wanting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, 2d, That there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, 3d, That the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous."

SCHMIDT,
Sacrist of the Cathedral.

The king, who was much amused by the above, wrote the following answer—"I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 1st, That those who want to sing may buy books. 2d, I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, that those who want to be kept warm must buy wood. 3d, I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river: and I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 4th, That I will not have any more correspondence with him."

REMARKS—In the reputation of being *witty*, is commonly lost the reputation of being *wise*.

As *all men desire happiness, each member of society* should promote the happiness of his *fellow-being*, but always consistent with *justice* to himself, and the public community, i. e. *For all men to do, as they would be done by*.

To avoid *ill* thoughts, is to be habituated and employed in *good* ones.

PHILADELPHIA,
MAY 9, 1801.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Quid's*" Scraps, are received, and will occasionally be made use of.

"*Lavinia,*" promised for this week, has been unavoidably postponed.

"*Observer, No. I. and II.*" is received—the design of the writer is certainly good,—they shall have a place as soon as convenient.

"*Adventures in a Castle,*" being an original story, will no doubt excite considerable attention among a pretty numerous class of readers. Though much depends upon the winding up, yet, from what specimens have already appeared, we are inclined to think favourably of it, and shall endeavour, in compliance with the request of the writer, and in order to gratify our readers, to give larger portions in our succeeding numbers.

"*Criticism, No. II.*" is received, and will be attended to in due time.

Several other communications will be noticed hereafter.

The Editor is frequently *favoured* with a number of *crude unshapen things*, and sometimes with *cavilling ill-natured criticisms*, arising from *ignorance* or *disappointment*—These latter may possibly answer a valuable purpose, as suggesting useful hints, and at the same time giving vent to that spleen which would otherwise probably have thrown the writers into a nervous fever—the former could very well be dispensed with.

DISTRESSED STATE OF IRELAND.

Extract of a Letter from Dublin, March 17.

"The accounts which have been recently published of this country, afford but an imperfect idea of its situation. I am assured by some of the best informed persons from several parts of it, that it now contains more wheat and other grain, than at the conclusion of 1799, and in general of the best quality: but two-thirds of the people have been accustomed to subsist entirely upon potatoes, whose general failure, adding to the usual consumption of corn, has increased the price beyond all precedent; and whilst the extensive farmers receive the amount of the fee of their land for the last year's produce, multitudes are perishing by want.

"Instances of individual wretchedness occur in all countries, but it remained for Ireland to harrow up the soul, by personifying famine in more than half its population.

"In Dublin, the subscriptions of the benevolent, under the immediate auspices of the viceroy, alleviate the sufferings of the poor by the weekly issue at the district Kitchens of about 14,000 quarts of soup for a penny each quart, besides what is given at other places; but in the country, where there is no such aid, and where the people ineffectually offer their labour for their food, the grave teems with victims to the various diseases incident to famine.

"The small farmers and peasants are unable to purchase either corn or potatoes for seed, wherefore scarcity will not terminate with the commencement of the next harvest, unless national aid is afforded."

DUEL!

On March 17, a duel was fought at Cape Francois, between two officers of the U. S. frigate Adams, Mr. Killain Van Rensselaer, 1st lieutenant, and Mr. George R. Turner, 2d lieutenant—Mr. Van Rensselaer gave the challenge, and fired first, but fell with the first shot from Mr. Turner; the distance ten paces—the ball struck Mr. Van Rensselaer just above the right temple and fractured his skull: He died the same evening at 11 o'clock, and was buried next day, with all the honours of war, the colours of all the American vessels in the port flying half mast high, and the ship firing minute guns—A poor compensation for the loss of a valuable life!

SUICIDE.

A very deliberate instance of suicide lately occurred at Paris. Chailton, a scene painter at one of the theatres, had the misfortune to lose, about 15 months ago, a wife of whom he was passionately fond. His friends engaged him a short time ago, to a party of pleasure: in the evening he lost 80 francs (between 3 and 4l. sterl.) at a game of chance. On his return home, he placed himself before the glass, and wrote in pencil on the marble of his chimney-piece—"It is one o'clock, I am still alive—four o'clock I am unable to live—six o'clock, I must come to a conclusion." He then blew out his brains, after five hours reflection, and the last indulgence of his vanity.

Strength of the Northern Powers. From Boettigher's Statestical Tables.

SWEDEN—Troops kept regularly embodied, amount to 9,700—The whole land force is 49,990—Navy consists of ships of the line 30. Frigates 10. Gallies 60—The fleet is manned by 15,200 seamen.——DENMARK and NORWAY—Cavalry 11,000—Infantry 64,00—Navy 33 sail of the line, of from 90 to 50 guns—Seamen 12,964—Marines 5,600—Ordnance 2,100.——PRUSSIA ——Warlike forces, besides supernumeraries, 224,451 men—Infantry 181,950—Cavalry 42,501——RUSSIA—Land forces 532,000 men, of which 66,000 are cavalry; but so large a number of soldiers are required for stations and garrisons that seldom more than 150,000 men can take the field at once—Navy, 120 ships of the line and frigates, and a very large number of galleys—Seamen 40,000.

DIED suddenly, of an apoplectic fit, at Germantown, Casper W. Haines.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr Peter Christian, to Miss Theresa Scull.....On the 7th inst. Mr John James, merchant, to Miss Mary Drinker.

.....At London, (England) Mr. Macall Medford, formerly of this City, to Miss Maria Parr, daughter of William Parr, merchant, London.

DEATHS.

DIED.....At New Providence, on the 31st March, Mr. Andrew D. Barclay, of the house of M'Evers and Barclay, of N. York.

.....At Concord township, (Penn.) on the 1st inst. Hannah Dean, a native of Ireland, aged, by her own account, 110 years!

.....At his place near Vincent Town, Burlington County, (N. J.) on the 4th inst. Major Joseph Burr, aged 34 years.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

I WENT last night to see my fair,
In hopes she'd fix the day,
When at the sacred altar's feet
She'd give herself away!
In tears I found the lovely maid,
I ask'd her cause of grief,
Begg'd her to tell me all her woes,
And I would yield relief.
"Alas!" she cried, "a foolish whim
"Has enter'd Grand-ma's head;
"She says unless you tell her age,
"You me shall never wed.
"She says, if to her age you'll add
"Cube Root of what it be,
"Twill make in years full ninety-five,
"Seven months and moiety.
"As all my hopes of fortune's good,
"Upon her will depend,
"If you can't answer her demand,
"Consult some learned friend."
In vain I've rack'd my troubled brains,
In vain I've beat my pate.
No friend I know whose helping hand,
Can meliorate my fate.
On you "*R. W.*" I rely,
Whose genius great and kind,
Did help poor John to lovely Nan,
An answer now to find.
Come lend your helping hand to me,
Help me to gain the fair,
And to our wedding freely come,
And take the nuptial cheer. Q.

Wants Employment,

In a Retail Store,

A Young Man who can write tolerably. Recommendations as to his integrity & punctually can be given. Apply at Mr. Huddel's, in Water-street, near the Drawbridge.

MAY, 9th.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ANSWER TO JUNIUS's QUESTION, MAY 2d.

FRIEND Junius thou wantest a grove,
Would'st thou covet one already grown?
I'm afraid if thy friend I should prove,
Thou wilt then also covet a lawn:
For I think it a thing of much ease,
Were a lawn thy own right and possession,
To plant it with young poplar trees,
According to thy mode and fashion.
But lest I mistake thy condition,
And censure too rashly thy case;
I will now by thy leave and permission,
Tell thee how every tree thou must place.
First a sexagon form on thy ground,
Then three trees on each side thou must plant,
And one plac'd in the centre, when found,
Will exactly complete all thy want.
If still further instruction thou need,
And the plan thou wou'dst wish me to show,
Thy suspence from all doubt shall be free'd,
Look—and here thou shalt have it below.

THY FRIEND.

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For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO MISS MARIA H——,

ON LISTENING TO HER PLAYING ON THE FORTE PIANO, AND SINGING TO IT, APRIL 30, 1801.

WHAT sounds enchantingly salute mine ear!
What harmony, what melody I hear!
Sure *Philomela's* warbling notes inspire,
And bright *Apollo* tunes his silver lyre.
Ah, no!—but yet a form to ME more bright,
A form more lovely, meets my raptur'd sight;
While sweeter strains than hers float smooth along,
In music softer than Italian song.
Tis dear MARIA!—Amiable fair!
With charming voice, and with persuasive air,
Who thus the minstrelsey of heav'n imparts,
And thrills and captivates our glowing hearts.
Behold her, self-collected, sit at ease,
Possess'd of ev'ry trait that's form'd to please;—
The friendly, feeling breast, unknown to guile,—
The look expressive,—and the winning smile.
Her cheeks exhibit health and *beauty's* hues;
Her rose-bud lips dispense nectareous dews;
In her fair face her fairer soul is seen;
Her heart is goodness,—gentleness her mein.
Now o'er the tuneful keys her fingers stray;
At her command, forth comes the impassioned lay;* sings,
And while the tender plaintive strains she
Love wakes to recent life the silent strings;
Joyful, the strings, in dulcet concert join,
And make her magic music half divine.
Methinks, attracted by the inspiring sound,
Cupids and *Graces* smile, and play around:
Their Fav'rite's charms they chaunt; her merits show;
And their just tribute to her praise bestow.
For who, on so much loveliness could gaze,
And not be lost in bliss and sweet amaze?
What soul, that would not all the feelings prove,
Of *admiration, of esteem and love?*

AMYNTOR.

* *Alluding to the much admired Song, beginning with* "I have a secret sorrow here," *—which she sings with a happy judgment, and a peculiarly expressive taste.*

ALWIN AND RENA.

ASK you, why round yon hallow'd grave
The myrtle and the laurel bloom?
There sleeps the lovely and the brave;
O shed a tear upon their tomb!

"Oh! cease my love, these vain alarms!"
For war prepar'd, young Alwin said,
"For I must quit my Rena's arms;
My bleeding country asks my aid!"

"Yes, I will check this bursting sigh;
Yes, I will check these flowing tears:
A smile shall brighten in my eye,
My bosom shall dispel it's fears!"

"You try, indeed, to force a smile,
Yet sorrow's drops bedew your cheek,
You speak of peace—yet ah! the while,
Your sighs will scarcely let you speak!"

"Go, Alwin!—Rena bids thee go;
She bids thee seek the fields of death:
Go, Alwin, rush amid the foe;
Go, and return with vict'ry's wreath!"

A thrilling blast the trumpet blew;
The milk-white courser paw'd the ground:
A mix'd delight young Alwin knew;
While Rena shudder'd at the sound—
Yet strove to check the rising fears
Which now with double fury swell;
And faintly smiling thro' her tears,
She faulter'd out—a long farewel!

Three tedious moons, with cheerless ray,
Had vainly gilt the face of night;
Nor yet the hero took his way,
To bless his drooping Rena's sight!

At length, thro' Rena's fav'rite grove,
When now the fourth her radiance shed,
He came—and vict'ry's wreath was wove,
But, ah!—around a lifeless head!

Distracted at the blasting sight,
To yonder tall cliff's bending brow,
With beating breast, she urg'd her flight,
And would have sought the waves below.

But while, with steady gaze, she view'd
The foaming billows, void of fear,
Religion at her right-hand stood,
And whisper'd to her soul, *forbear!*"

And now the storm of grief was o'er;
Yet melancholy's weeping eye
Distill'd the slow and silent show'r,
Nor ceas'd till life's own springs were dry!

For this, around yon hallow'd grave,
The myrtle and the laurel bloom:
There sleeps the lovely, and the brave;
O! shed a tear upon their tomb!

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

FROM the still scenes of silent solitude,
Where winter round extends his icy reign,
On Remi's presence, may the muse intrude;
Say—will he listen to her artless strain.

Can ought from leafless woods, and trackless snows,
Claim the attention of his polish'd ear;
Or can the line, in which no fancy glows,
Worth the perusal of his eye appear.

Yet—on the silent solitary hour,
Does meditation's solemn footstep steal;
There sensibility exerts her power,
And bids the breast to sigh, the soul to feel.

To sigh for sorrows that are not its own;
To feel for pangs which other bosom's bear,
Bids the heart to melt at pity's throne,
Bids the stern eye to glow with pity's tear.

And ah! how oft in this sublunar sphere,
Does virtue feel misfortune's sharpest wound;
For one who tastes of happiness sincere,
How many sons of wretchedness are found.

Unnumber'd evils throng the path of life,
By pangs unnumber'd is the soul oppress;
Here, rage the passions in the mental strife;
And *there*, deep anguish harrows up the breast.